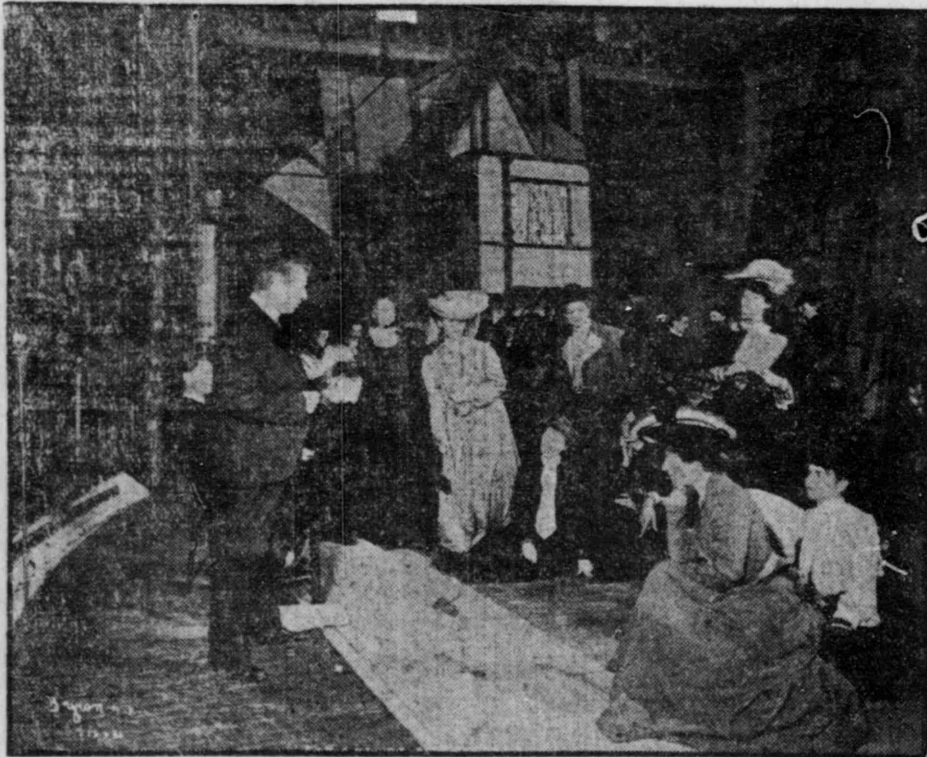


PITILESS TYRANNY OF THE REHEARSAL

Stage Manager Rules With a Rod of Iron Through Long, Tedious, Exhaustive Hours--Preparation For a Perfect Performance of a Play the Actor's Hardest Work.



Worn-Out Actresses Repeat Their Lines From the Floor During an Interminable Rehearsal.



Exchange of Ideas Between the Author and the Stage Manager at the Close of a Long Day's Work.



Unsteady Ladder Serves Understudy as a Balcony in One Scene of the Play.

IF YOU have ever been a member of an amateur theatrical company doubtless you recall the sport of rehearsing a new play to be produced. A jolly gathering at the home of some friend, a large amount of chaffing and a light lunch probably constituted the occupation of the afternoon, and you came away amazed that professional actors should really draw a salary for that sort of thing. You will be surprised to learn that no task in the world really is much harder than the task of preparing for a professional performance, and that both stage directors and directed dread rehearsals above any other feature in their work.

Hard Work in Rehearsals.
The labor, for instance, of putting on such a piece as "Pretty Peggy," in which George is to be seen here, is one requiring at least two weeks of constant attention. The larger the number of people employed and the greater the amount of business to be taught the longer the time given to preliminary performances. Thus, it is more difficult to stage a comic opera than a romantic drama, and more difficult

to stage a romantic drama than a farce comedy.

Directors Well Paid.

A capable director, such as Max Freeman, or Frank Hatch, gets as much as \$300 a week for this service, but the actors are not paid anything until after the first public rendering of plays. In cases in which the manager of a production is a man of practical experience he often directs rehearsals himself. William A. Brady has an assistant for those portions of the work which are of comparatively small importance, but takes personal charge of the big scenes. His specialty is the handling of crowds of people, and he was responsible for the great board of trade panic in his recent production of "The Pitt," and for the famous riot in "Pretty Peggy."

Big Business in New York.

At the beginning of a theatrical season there frequently are as many as two hundred companies rehearsing in New York. The more fortunate of these work on stages of unused theaters, but many are consigned to halls and ballrooms for which an enormous rental is charged at this time of the year. Since

productions are being made constantly, rehearsals go on constantly, but the majority of the annual crop of plays are prepared for presentation between August and October.

No More Readings by Authors.

After a play has been accepted by a manager the parts are copied, so that each actor has his speech on a separate manuscript. In the old days the company was first convened to hear the play read, usually by the author; but this practice has become generally obsolete, and nowadays the performer, unless he be of the favored few who are permitted to take the piece home overnight, gets his idea of what it is all about at a rehearsal. The first of these means little work; scarcely more than the handing out of parts and an informal introduction of the members of the organization to one another. "Tomorrow at 10," says the stage manager, and the players know that the serious work is about to begin.

The Terrible "Tomorrow at Ten."

"Tomorrow at 10" they arrive, fresh looking and in good spirits, jesting as they receive their mail from the stage

doorkeeper. Inside the theater their spirits are dampened. The only light in the house is afforded by a single cluster of electric bulbs, under which is placed the table bearing the manuscript and a chair for the director. The auditorium looks like a huge black cave, from which the whitecloaked seats rear themselves like ghosts of the pleasure seekers who occupied them a few hours ago. It is unbearably hot. A force of carpenters, blissfully indifferent to what is going on about them, hammer and saw with distracting noise. The performers wait about for the stage manager to finish a long argument with the author or the stage manager. There is no place to sit, and they are as tired as the stage manager is angry when the rehearsal begins.

Work for the Imagination.

At last it does begin. "First act!" cries the stage manager. Those persons who are on the stage at the rise of the curtain step into their places. The scene begins. There is no setting; nothing but the bare walls of the theater and the force of carpenters. The players have been told that they are supposed to be

in a public street in Paris, or in the green room of Covent Garden, but credulity is stretched in realizing this. It is impossible to work up any enthusiasm, because everybody is reading his or her part, and reading it with the slowness and badness born of unfamiliarity. Nevertheless, the stage manager is sufficiently heartless to express energetic dissatisfaction with the rehearsal.

Over and Over Again.

"Go over it again," he says. They do go over it again—and again, and yet again. Each time the stage manager devises some new business. He is responsible for as much of the action of the piece as the author is of the dialogue, and frequently he alters even speeches to make them suit "the action to the word." At the fifth repetition the author, the star, the manager, and the stage manager become involved in a discussion as to whether the scene is worth while, anyway. Pending the settlement of the question the tired company stands about in various attitudes of weariness. Finally it is concluded to change the situation; the author makes a note of what is required, and the next scene is taken up.

During this next scene the star may be supposed to stand on a balcony or a staircase. There being no balcony or staircase, she is perched on a shaky stepladder, where she occupies a most uncomfortable position for half an hour or more. At the end of this time an important dramatic episode comes up. The impresario takes charge, his coat off, his hat jammed over his eyes. Not thrice only does he go over the scene, but a dozen times, the twelfth time finding the actors crouching on the floor in utter weariness. He is an exceptional stage manager who is not sufficiently tired by now to be in an exceedingly nasty humor, in which case his sarcasm helps no little in making things unpleasant. At 2 o'clock there is a fifteen-minute intermission for lunch, and then the rehearsal is continued until 6 or 7 o'clock.

Must Be "Letter Perfect."

The company departs to spend the night studying lines, having been instructed to be "letter perfect in the first act tomorrow," and to arrange such details as costumes and make-up. Three weeks of this sort of thing brings

the average company to a final dress rehearsal—the heart-breaking affair at which everyone seems incompetent, the play impossible, the scenery depressed of a thousand devils, and the work of almost a month to have resulted in nothing. A hundred dress rehearsals equals one fit of lunacy. The players are hauled over the coals without mercy and depart to astonish themselves the night following, when keyed up to the highest pitch, by giving a perfect performance. It is not an unusual thing for a dress rehearsal to last sixteen hours at a stretch.

Brady and His People.

William A. Brady, who staged "Pretty Peggy" for Grace George, is credited with being most considerate of his people. He is one of the best directors in America, and "Pretty Peggy" is said to be remarkable for nothing more than the ingenuity of its business, the beauty of its groupings, and the strength of its big mob scene. The company supporting Miss George in the piece had a total of forty-seven rehearsals, aggregating something over 400 hours of preparatory work.

WHAT THE ABOUT TOWN KICKER FINDS TO KNOCK

"THERE is one big kick I have about the new Union Station," said the About Town Kicker. "Laid out as it is, following the line of Delaware Avenue, it will stand wampier-jawed to the lay of the town, which is built up to the right-angled streets. When it is completed it will be gracefully bordered and festooned its entire length with backyards, coal sheds, slices of alleys, shaved buildings with the wall paper of former dwellings glinting in the sunshine, side walls that were never intended to be front walls, and all singular the sloppy, slouchy, uncouth condition already on exhibition along its diagonal lines. If the entire space between North Capitol and Second Streets east had been taken, with the front on E Street, and with a plaza dug out of the buildings fronting on Massachusetts Avenue, it would stand out as a magnificent building, with enough space around it to show its gigantic proportions. On the present design it will present a splendid front, running back into squalid surroundings. It will be a building to which we can point and say, 'See our new Union Station—that is, the front of it, for the rest of it won't bear inspection.' Unless all unsightly buildings and backyard accommodations are removed, it will never be a building that we can be proud of, and if all the ground were purchased up to the right-angled streets it will still have the appearance of leaning toward Fisher's Mill in the rectangular space in which it will be erected."

The Autocratic Ashman.

"The ash-removal service, since it has been in the hands of the District authorities," continued the Kicker, "is as much worse than it was when the business was in private hands as great reforms are usually worse than original conditions. If you tip the ash gentleman liberally—say to the extent that you formerly paid for having your ashes carried away—he will take part of what you have got. But if for any reason he decides to take a holiday the day he is due at your house he will positively refuse to take away the double accumulation when he makes his next visit. If you have any other refuse, as broken bottles or old paper, you must have as many receptacles as you have kinds of refuse. But do not forget the tip if you don't want to earn the ashman's ill-concealed disgust."

The "Poor Civil Service Law."

"These amusing members of Congress who are always assailing the operations of the civil service law," he continued, warming up to his subject, "seem to me to need the advice of the restaurateur to whom the customer

complained of the inefficiency of the limburger cheese which he had ordered. 'Take down your feet and give the cheese a chance,' they are unwilling to give the law a chance to show whether it is efficient or not, but persist in interfering with it to secure promotions and other favors for henchmen. What opportunities has a Congressman had to know whether a favorite would make a good clerk or that he had developed sufficient ability to deserve promotion? Nine times out of ten the head of a bureau or department, untrammelled by Congressional influences, would select the very best man under him for promotion—for he is desirous of getting the best service to make his administration a success. But the spoilsman only looks to the value of the man or his friends in his district with reference to election time. 'The whole civil service scheme is a fraud and a humbug,' said one of them to me the other day. 'The civil service law would be all right if it were administered by its friends,' I answered. 'That can never be,' he replied, 'for it never has any friends except among

the outs, who do not have the administering of anything.'"

A Half-Hearted Kick.

"There is a class of amateur kickers, without any sufficient training to make them efficient in that great art," said the Kicker, meditatively, "who vent their impotent spleen on the street car service, the particular object of their kicks being open cars or the half-and-halves that are run on some of the roads, and yet I'll bet a tanyard cigar the same fellows would ride in an open carriage for half a day and talk for weeks about it. The average street car trip is not of more than fifteen minutes' duration, and nobody could suffer very severely in that time. They are of the same class as those who, without the excuse of a piece of burning punk in their lips, stand on the platforms of cars so that smokers are deprived of their comfort and other decent people are prevented from getting in and out of the cars without climbing over the big feet that always go with a hoglike disposition. 'But,' looking a little ashamed of

having defended anything or anybody, 'there are legitimate kicks against the street cars. In the first place, on many of the well-patronized lines there are not enough cars—about half enough. There is nothing that makes business for itself like a street car company. No street in any direction is so unpromising that the cars on it will not be well patronized if good and frequent service is given. There should be vestibuled cars run in winter on all lines for the protection of both the employees and the public. A detachable vestibule could be very easily devised, if necessary, for the inclemency of winter, to be removed during the more moderate weather of spring and fall, when closed cars are desirable. But the great desideratum is close service, and on none of the city lines should there be more than five minutes between cars.'"

Why Is This Thus?

"Hundreds of villages and hamlets in the United States are electrically lighted and telephoned throughout," he said, as though kicking were the most natural thing in the world to him, "at rates

which enable everybody to have these conveniences, while here in Washington no one of moderate means or income can afford them. Why is it? Every house in Washington could be lighted electrically for the amount now paid for gas used for the same purpose, and the gas, if put at a similarly reasonable figure, would find an ample market for heating and cooking purposes—the only uses for which it is fit in these modern days. The profits to the companies—telephone, electric, and gas—would be as great with the greater use as they are now, and everybody would be accommodated. It would probably be a paying investment for these great public corporations to consider the interests of the people occasionally—at any rate, it is a field that has never been worked."

A Well Deserved Kick.

"Why, in this age of great cheap newspapers," he mused, as though some problems are too tough for even his solution, "anybody should be uninformed as to the news of the day gets me. If he looks at his own interest, no man can afford to be without at least one newspaper a day—preferably an evening

paper, because it gives the news fresher and with equally great particularity. No man can afford to be an ignoramus, and he is an ignoramus who does not keep in touch with the news of the day. Why, the business opportunities a man misses by not reading a newspaper will cost him more than the paper, for his business will be no greater than demanding a pair of trousers, shoes, or a hat once in a while. The people who get played for suckers by the get-rich-quick schemes, get flimflammed, get 'conned' out of their money, take knock-out drops in drinking with strangers, and get gold-bricked by everybody, are the ones who don't read the papers. A newspaper ought to be regarded as being as necessary in every man's house as a gas bill."

An Old, But Timely Kick.

"This is an old kick," he went on, "but the necessity for it comes with each recurring winter. I am required to clean the snow off of the property of the United States—I believe the streets are decided to be the property of the United States—or so much of it as happens to be located in front of my

house, over which I have no control, and for the accumulation of which snow I am in no degree responsible. Further than to clean the snow off of it I have no more control over that sidewalk than any man who walks on it. But the snow on sidewalks abutting vacant lots, which is just as big a nuisance as that in front of my house, nobody cleans off, and after providing a clean walk for others' use I have to plow through other people's snow, the reason given being that the owner of the vacant lot may live in China or some other unreachably country. I want the District to clean all snow off, and pay the expense out of the taxes assessed against all property, it being for the good of all. Oh, yes, I know everybody is employed at remunerative wages who will work; but enough men and boys to clean all the sidewalks of Washington after every snow will readily be found as exceptions to the everybody-at-work rule."

A Gentle, Gentle One.

"What is my kick on the 4:30 order?" he asked. "Only a mild one. If the authorities want the clerks to take half an hour longer to do a day's work, that is their right, I suppose, under the law, but all that it will accomplish will be the inconveniencing of the employees. Close, unremittent desk work is the hardest work in the world so far as all-round exhaustion is concerned—mental as well as physical—and five or six hours a day is all that any man or woman is fit to put in at it, and he or she will do as much in that length of time as in the longer day. Put the order enables somebody to make a big bluff, and in this case nobody is in position to call it."

"And I might say the same thing about the official carriage agitation. This Government is a great, big, wealthy institution, perfectly able to provide facilities for its officials to attend to their duties in a manner befitting the great positions they occupy in such a great institution. It is owing to these haw-eating ideas of economy that the Government does not pay such salaries as to attract to its service the greatest talent within its borders. Outside of the honor attached to the position, how can the Government compete in securing the best legal talent, with its salaries ranging from two to eight thousand dollars, while the great corporations are willing to pay from ten to fifty thousand to get the best the market affords? There will always be men willing to take and even strive for Government positions, whatever the salaries and the Johnny Cheap accommodations, but why shouldn't the greatest have the best, with such surrounding conditions as befit its greatness? More hours for the clerks, fewer conveniences for officials, more money for grafters, more slosh to appease voters! Pah and laugh!"

TROLLEY CAR IS NOW TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD

THE year 1904 brings us to the quarter century mark since the Siemens Company, of Berlin, first connected an electric motor to a truck and initiated the electric railway. The car was crude and the railway a small affair, 350 yards long and of 3 feet 3 inches gauge, the third rail being used. A species of sliding trolley on an overhead rail was invented two years later.

In 1885 Van Depole invented the under-running trolley wheel, making feasible the use of overhead wire conductors, and Wellington Adams mounted the motor directly on the car axle—the practice up to that time having been to mount the motor on a separate frame and connect with the axle by chains or belts.

Two Important Principles.

These two inventions, the under-running trolley and the direct connected motor, are perhaps the only features in electric car designing which have survived the contest of changes and improvements in the equipment of electric lines.

In the early cars a couple of fifteen horse-power motors were thought to be ample. Today an electric locomotive is in operation on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad propelled by eight 225 horse-power motors, a total of 1,800 horse-power. The first cars built had a seating capacity of sixteen. Sixty is the number of passengers that can be seated in the latest designs.

In arrangements for long distance trolley lines, the Middle West States are taking the lead. In Indiana five roads, each over 100 miles in length, are finished or are in course of construction.

A 200-mile road is in operation between Columbus, Ohio, and Indianapolis, equipped with sleeping and dining cars of the most advanced type. Extensions of this line are being pushed through to Wheeling, W. Va., and to

Pittsburg, and plans are being made for connections with Cincinnati. This service in another year will cover stretches in various directions of from 200 to 500 miles in length.

Solid Electric Trains.

Solid trains are run, consisting of sleepers, dining cars and day coaches, all of the most improved design and construction, the sleepers costing over \$20,000 each. Staterooms with two berths

are used, instead of open compartments. The roadbeds and tracks are built as substantially as on steam roads, and a speed of sixty-five miles an hour is regularly made on some stretches. Indeed, the Chicago, Elgin and Aurora Railroad is planning an equipment capable of 100 miles an hour for everyday schedule.

Trains leave the Indianapolis and Columbus terminals at 10:30 o'clock every night, and finish the 200-mile run at 5

GETS FOREIGN LABEL BY TRAVEL

TABLES of exports and imports, issued by the Bureau of Statistics, show queer movements of food-stuffs. Almost every country seems to export some foods and to import the same kind. And many countries import great quantities of certain kinds of food for which they themselves are famous.

Russia is famous for the production of caviare. Yet a good part of American exports to Russia consist of caviare made along the Great Lakes and Delaware and Chesapeake bays.

England and Germany, both of which are known for their manufacture of cheese, import lots of it from the United States and sell it again as English and German cheese.

Lyon, in France, is distinguished for the production of a hard, red, highly spiced sausage. There is an American concern that has developed the pro-

duction of this same kind of sausage to a point where it is as good as the French and cheaper. But the world wants the French sausage.

So the American product goes over the sea to France, and in Lyons it is packed in new wrappers and boxes. Then it is shipped away again to all the countries whose hotels are crying for saucisson de Lyon. And a part of these Franco-American sausages find their way back again to the United States, where they began life as plain sausages.

Hamburg is noted for its fine smoked, canned, and jellied eels. Where do these eels come from? From the Falls of the Nile.

A company of Baltic fishermen has settled in Egypt, catching Egyptian eels in the land of the Pharaohs, to be packed in cans with the three towers of the Hamburg coat of arms stamped on them.

A person who studies the voyages of sherry, as shown in tables of exports and imports, is amazed to discover that of all unlikely places Newfoundland is one of the great points of import for sherry. Of course, Newfoundland is not wealthy enough to be a sherry-drinking country. The wine is simply sent to it to go into bond.

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